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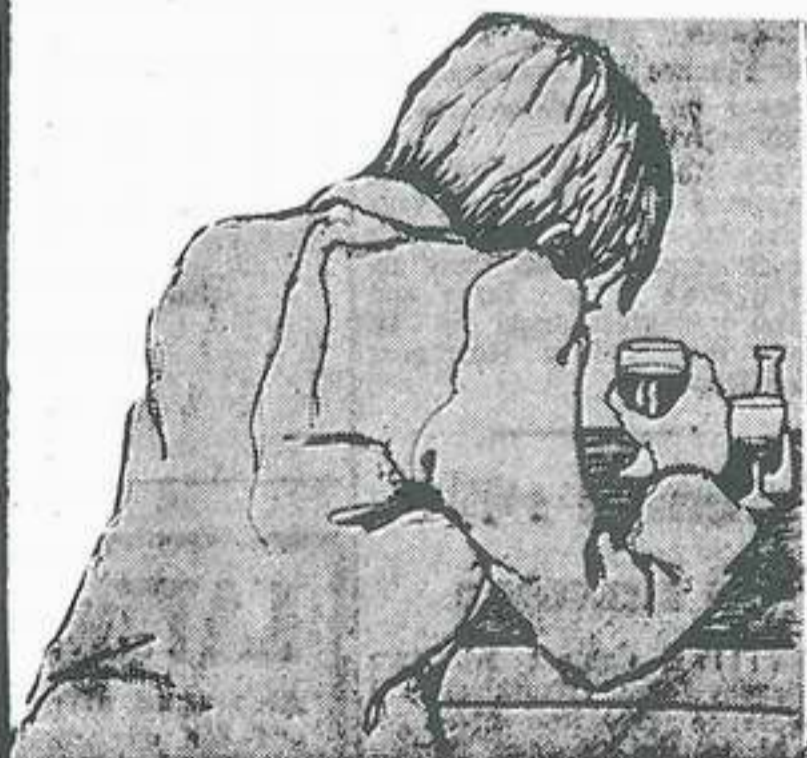
VOLUME 2 No. 8

'That which is good for the working class I esteem patriotic ...' James Connolly

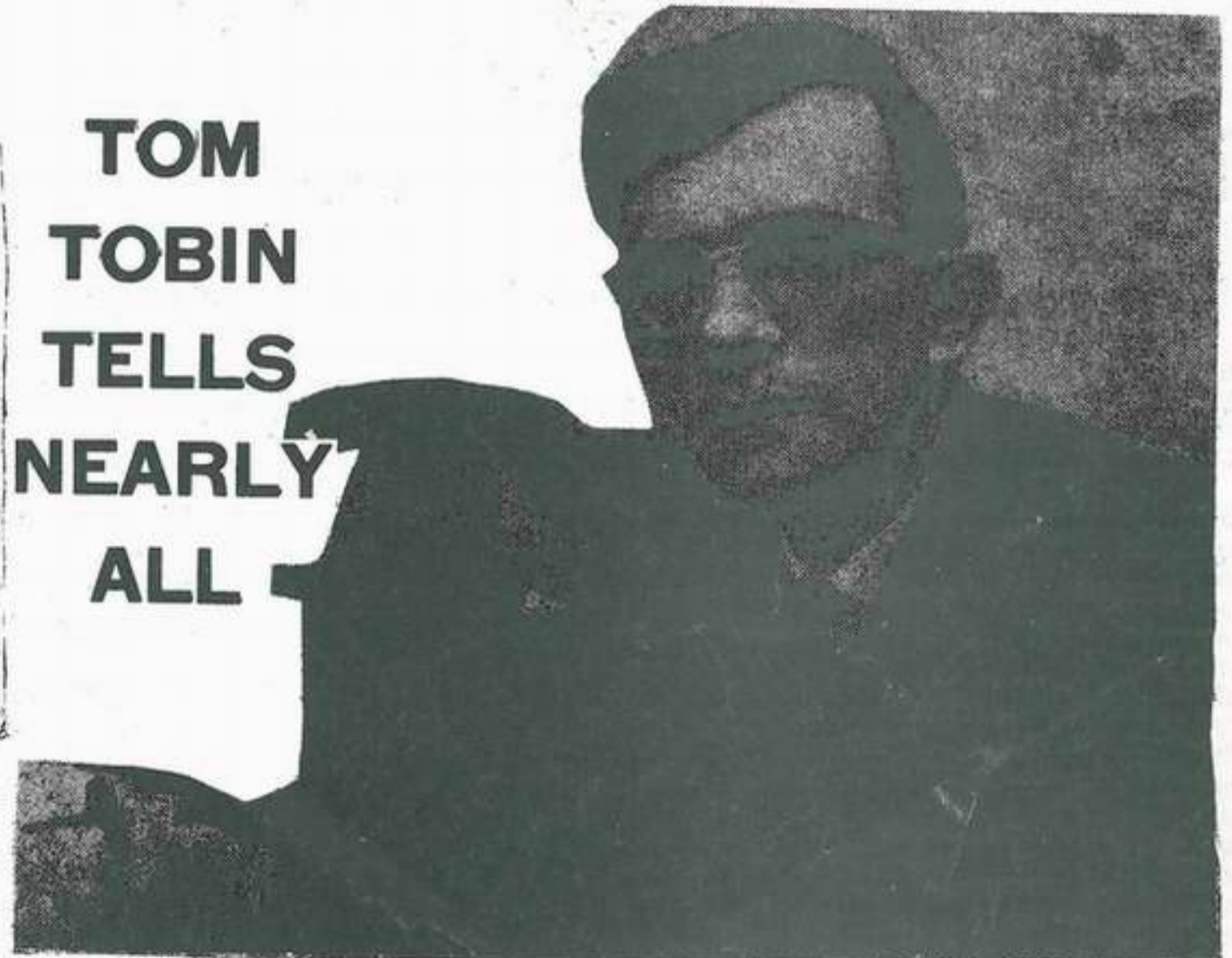


MICK LIPPER

A TALE OF TWO MAYORS



TOM TOBIN TELLS NEARLY ALL



ECHOES FROM

— THE —

BOTTOM DOG

"We must look at life in all its aspects from the point of view of the "Bottom Dog"—the oppressed—be it nation, class, or sex."

Vol. 1. No. 15 26th January, 1918 Price ½d.

WHAT IS A SCAB

The question seems rather superfluous. We will be told that everyone knows what a scab is. In Dublin, the idea of being called a "scab" rightly awakens horror in the minds of all honest workers be they men or women. No one likes to be associated with the creatures who when the rights of Labour are in the balance of conflict when the dignity of Labour was in peril, basely abandoned his fellows and "sold the pass" on his comrades. And yet, as simple as it seems the question involves more than can be answered without a good deal of thought. What is a scab? A scab is a worker who in the course of a strike or lock-out helps his employer to keep the business going — to dispense with the aid of men or women he formerly employed. To understand what a scab is we must first understand what constitutes a strike. A strike is an attempt to obtain certain concessions from an employer or group of employers by stopping his business, and thus stopping the flow of profits. If a body of workers are on strike, the question of whether they are winning or losing is settled in the long run by the success in stopping their employer's business. If they succeed in stopping that business they win, if they do not succeed, they lose. If their Union is able to pay strike pay for a year or two years they would still lose if the business could go on without them; say if the Union could pay strike pay greater in amount than the weekly wages they had earned they would still lose if the employer's business was going on without them. But if the business cannot go on without them, then they win. Hence, and this is the root of the whole question, whosoever enables the employer to continue his business without the striking workers is scabbing upon those workers.

—Workers' Republic

Vol. 1. No. 16. 2nd February 1918 Price ½d.

THE HIDDEN HAND IN THE G.P.O.

The ways of Government Departments are many and curious. Civil Servants are handicapped in many respects and woe betide the official who is suspected of having National and Labour leanings. Those who make themselves prominent in organising their fellow-workers in the Post Office are liable to come in for hard knocks. Mr. Byrne, the esteemed and respected President of the Limerick Branch of the Post Office Clerks' Association, must have caught the eye of officialdom, for he has been dismissed, because forsooth he attended a political meeting recently. Who said "Liberty of the subject?" Apparently these Government Departments believe that when a man wins on his merits a position under them he must not only sell his labour but his soul — in fact body and soul. But Mr. Byrne is not a man of that stamp and we are sure he will have the wholehearted support of his organisation and the Trade Union movement generally behind him.

I AM.

I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go;
But the fact stands clear that I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe.
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain —
It is in my power each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why;
I cannot find out what it's all about,
I would not waste time to try.
My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here but for a little space,
And while I stay I would like, if I may
To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all
Is the lack of the high conceit,
If each man thought he was sent to this spot,
To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked and each one worked
To help his fellows along!

Ella W. Wilcox.

Vol. 1. No. 17. 9th February 1918 Price ½d.

THE SEARCHLIGHT AT WORK.

We have received a lengthy communication dealing with a grievance which the girl workers at Spillane's Tobacco Factory are suffering under, with a request that it be published in the "B.D.". It appears they have recently employed a full blown woman searcher recommended by an authority on searchers, Sergeant Kelly. She hails from Bedford Row, and her husband is a Tailor by name and occupation. The girls do not object to being searched — what they object to is the wholly unnecessary and rigorous manner in which the operation is carried out by this unwomanly woman. To quote from the letter before us — "The way the girls have got to undress is enough to bring the blood to their cheeks". There are four girls picked out every day at dinner time and by the time the last girl is searched it is 2.30 and she has to be back at work at 3 o'clock. So far has it gone that the Engineer refuses to keep the lights on at night, so now it is proposed to on these prison-like regulations downstairs in a dark hole. We wonder if those in charge at the Spillane firm are conscious of this crying injustice to these girls? We had thought that it was bad enough to have to submit to low wages but to have to submit to searches as well as this — and at the hands of one of their own sex too — naturally makes these girls resent such uncalled for conduct ...

A SHORT TIME

Wilfred Beckerman

In his brilliant book, *The Harried Leisure Class* S. B. Linder pointed out that the gradual reduction in the time available for the middle classes affected even their love life. Courting and seduction preliminaries have to be cut short — which is, perhaps, one of the reasons for the permissive society.

For really busy men, like ministers, this is very important. One of the first reactions to the Lambton affair was: 'What is a rich, handsome, intelligent important man like him doing with a prostitute, for surely he can get all the sex he wants these days without paying for it?' The answer is that he could, but that he has to pay for it in a different currency, namely time. And time is more valuable to him than the fees of even the higher grade prostitutes. If such a person has affairs with members of his own class, he probably still has to waste a lot of time on chat and entertainment. I suppose he will no longer be expected to go through all that routine of telling the woman concerned that he loves them or that his wife doesn't understand him and so on, but at least he will be expected to listen to *their* stories about what a dreadful time they had that day trying to choose between the Dior and the Yves St Laurent dresses, or how their husbands' horses are expected to run at Ascot. With a prostitute — so I should imagine — one doesn't have to put up with this boring chatter, and busy men are prepared to trade off quite a lot of money to economise in time. Any social convention which makes this more difficult, such as accepting that people should resign their political positions for being guilty of the terrible crime of having this particular trade-off between time and money, will merely produce an adverse movement (from the point of view of the busy professional classes) in the exchange rate of time for money, as far as this particular leisure activity is concerned, and hence squeeze their available time even more.

New Statesman 20 July 1973

Capitalist Doublethink — Provo Style.

"Why support the organ of Eire Nua by giving your advertising? Why support capitalism when, by giving US your advertisements, you can speed the day when An Phoblacht will appear daily?"
(An Phoblacht, 3/8/73)

THE FIRST WATERGATE?

The biggest excitement of his (Nixon's) Law School days came when he and two classmates became overeager to learn their class-standing at the end of the second year and, in the words of one of them, Bill Perdue, broke into the Dean's office during the Summer to find out where they stood.
(*United Press International*, 2nd November, 1970.)

A TALE OF TWO MAYORS

A Transfer of Liquid Assets

*The new Mayor, Mick Lipper, went for some liquor
To get somebody a "curer";
But when he got there
The cabinet was bare
And poor, old "Dobber" got "choicer".*

It was one of the quietest but most memorable scenes in Paddy Kiely's Mayoral year. The place: the Town Hall, Rutland Street. The time: 7.00 p.m. on Monday, July 2nd, the evening of the 1973 Mayoral election. The mission: Paddy Kiely's last "unofficial" assignment before handing over the chains of office to Mick Lipper, the incoming Mayor.

Kiely had a purposeful look about him as his car drew up outside the Town Hall. Some passers-by were slightly mystified to see the Mayor remove a big, brown cardboard box from the back of his car and take it into the Town Hall. But Paddy, keeping his mind firmly fixed on the job on hand, wasn't too worried about his Mayoral dignity at this stage.

Briskly marching up the stairs of the deserted building, he unceremoniously left himself into the "hospitality" room in the Mayor's chambers. He placed his cardboard box on a table and unerringly slipped across to the well-stocked "refreshment" cabinet. Paddy lost no time, and before long, the bottles of whiskey, brandy, gin, wine and beer were gingerly transferred from the cabinet to the big cardboard box. But still Kiely did not relax: two small boxes of cigars remained in the cabinet.

Only when the cigars were balanced precariously on top of the now well-filled cardboard box did the Mayor allow himself one small luxury. Taking a cigar from the box, he clasped it tightly between his teeth and lit up. He then carefully lifted the heavy box and slowly started on his return journey. Though slightly staggering under the weight of his cargo, he successfully negotiated the winding staircase and made for the entrance of the Town Hall.

But then an unforeseen obstacle loomed up: how was the Mayor to open and close the heavy front door while still holding on to his fat cigar and cardboard box? But the resourceful Kiely was not baulked for long. Spotting Mrs. Walsh, one of the Town Hall's cleaning women, coming from an office, he managed to attract her attention. Still keeping his cool, his cigar between his teeth and the cardboard box in his arms, Kiely grunted out his difficulty. Mrs. Walsh, quickly comprehending the Mayor's dilemma, opened the door and released him into the freedom of the streets. Now, with only five yards to his car, the rest was child's play. The liberated Kiely smartly gained the sanctity of his car and was then seen to drive off in the direction of Pennywell. The mission was, perhaps, the most accomplished performance of his Mayoralty.

THE MAN WITH THE PAPER PUNCH

Babs Shanahan, for as long as most local politicians care to remember, has the official secretary and script-writer of successive Mayors of Limerick. To students familiar with the few Limerick politicians who make use of scripts, Miss Shanahan's style of writing has been fairly easily recognisable. With the exception of Ald. S. Coughlan's year in office, when he persisted (usually under the influence of alcohol) in

ad-libbing, the safe, middle-of-the-road speeches, composed by Babs kept the Mayors out of major trouble.

But this year with Mick Lipper's inaugural address as Mayor a new approach seemed to be emerging. The students began to wonder: Was Lipper going to try to create a new image and style of politics for himself? Had he decided that the conservative scripts of Babs Shanahan needed more punch for the demands of the aggressive politics of the seventies?

But as the new-type scripts began to flow fast and thick, the picture came into focus. Lipper had brought back Tom Tobin — the small man with the big paper punch — from unwilling retirement to build his new image. Soon the bag of journalistic tricks was shuffled and the old familiar handiwork — the "popular" gimmicks, the half-provocative statements, the shallow, conventional wisdom, the slippery qualifications, the lightweight political philosophy — all started to show themselves in the Mayor's speeches.

However, with the blatant differences between the life-style and known attitudes of Lipper and the speeches he found himself speaking, a credibility gap developed. One example of this situation is to be found in the report (Limerick Chronicle, July 21st) of his speech to the delegates to the G.A.A.'s Feile na nGael. Lipper, a life-long soccer man, had never previously bothered much with the G.A.A. except to attend an occasional Claughaun or St. Patrick's game in the hope of picking up a few votes.

Apart from this aspect, Lipper's words are flawed on two other levels. For the vast majority of Limerick workers Feile na nGael was a non-event. The Pub Soccer competition, then being held in the city, aroused far more interest and excitement, especially in working class areas. Lipper, living in Garryowne, was well aware of this fact. He was also well aware that the G.A.A. has been steadily losing ground in Limerick over the last two decades, but this did not deter him from saying the opposite:

History records yet another glorious chapter in the national achievements of the Gaelic Athletic Association in Limerick this weekend. Our ancient city on the Shannon has been honoured in being selected as the venue for Feile na nGael 1973 — the third year of the Feile and I hope its most successful ... to-day we cannot overlook the all-important fact that the future of hurling — our national game rests squarely on the young boys of to-day. Let it go on record that in this respect there is no falling off where the responsibility of Limerick boys are concerned. They are paving the way for a truly great future within the ranks of the G.A.A.

After this, the script betrays its origins as Dungarvan — born Tom Tobin puts lavish words of praise into Lipper's mouth in buttering up his fellow Co. Waterford man Pat Fanning. During his period as president of the G.A.A., Fanning showed a keen and vicious political awareness in strenuously pushing his brand of narrow Catholic nationalism. But the Labour Mayor was unbounded in his admiration for Fanning:

I hope our guests this evening will appreciate a tribute I would like to pay to one man who has done much for the G.A.A. in such a short time. I know that he did more than his share to ensure that the little boys of Waterford had a hurley to wield and a team to be loyal to ... and that was more than

20, years ago. He pioneered much of what is really good in the G.A.A. of modern times without departure from the true traditions of Gaeldom. He is a sportsman we in Limerick salute. He is Pat Fanning, the former president of the G.A.A. May he remain as active as ever in the years that lie ahead.

Lipper went on to pay a final tribute to the Irish branch of Coca-Cola, the monopoly capitalist firm:

I would like to congratulate the Irish bottlers of Coca-Cola for their generous sponsorship of the Feile. Such a fine gesture on the part of an Irish deserves our gratitude and our admiration. Their part in building up the future of Irish youth cannot be expressed in words.

It is certainly possible to agree with Lipper's last sentence that Coca-Cola's "part in building up the future of Irish cannot be expressed in words". The company would also agree; its way of measuring its "part" is in pounds and pence.

An interesting footnote on the Mayor's speeches was provided by Seamus O'Conneide in his new column (Last Word by The Listener) in the Limerick Leader of August 4th. Titled, By The Way Your Worship, the piece stated:

ANOTHER HINT to Mayor Lipper: his speeches (so far) all sounded very much like in his own write, or in his own dictation style. Admirable in their unpolished state—but a speech-writer's assistance would help to give them the requisite sophistication.

When O'Conneide struggled for years to find a regular place in Limerick journalism, Tom Tobin was the only editor to give him that place. What Tobin now thinks of O'Conneide strictures on the "unpolished state" of his writing and the need for "a speech-writer's assistance" to "help to give them the requisite sophistication" is not recorded. But with this sort of "political commentary" it should not be long before O'Conneide reverts to his Irish page.

JOE QUIN

The leader of the Gardiner Place section of Sinn Fein in Limerick, Councillor Joe Quin, is not a regular attender at meetings of the Limerick City Council. However, when he did make one of his rare appearances at the recent Mayoral election some people expected that Joe might at least, go through the motions of putting forward an independent working class position. But no! The Limerick Weekly Echo (7th July) reported how Joe rowed in with his capitalist colleagues in support of the new Mayor, Mick Lipper:

I have no doubt that you will make an excellent Mayor and that you will represent the people who need it ... the working class people of this city ...

Thus was the "Marxist" socialism of the Officials applied in the Limerick context. Despite all his good intentions about the working class people of Limerick, the performance of Joe Quin as a member of the City Council has been an almost total failure by any standard. The tragedy of his position is that a man of his great physical courage has failed to understand the nature of the capitalist/Labour conflict. His poor political performance — his long periods of non-attendance at Council meetings, his lack of a coherent socialist philosophy and his failure even to make use of the capitalist press — all stem from this basic fact. And the Officials difficulty in coming to terms with the Northern Ireland question has further added to his confusion.

Just over ten years ago, reporter, Tom Tobin arrived in Limerick. After a period as a pressman at Shannon Airport he began to contribute articles on a freelance basis to the Limerick Leader. Tobin's early writing for the Leader ranks as his best work in the past decade. His fresh, lively approach to feature writing highlighted the unimaginative, routine efforts of most of the local journalists. Tobin's series on the history of the Boherbouy Band in February 1963 was a notable achievement and a useful contribution to local history.

As a result of this early work, Tobin was quickly promoted to news editor of the Leader. When the editorial chair became vacant, he was an automatic choice for the post. But Tobin's rapid rise to the most powerful position in the Limerick press soon went to his head. Forgetting his working class origins and background, he began to consort with politicians and business bosses. With his new-found affluence and friends he began to drink heavily. His writing began to suffer. Gone was the factual, carefully-researched articles, and instead Tobin increasingly relied on a weekly flourish of gimmicks, "ball-hops" and downright fantasy to keep his "Vigilans" column going. The rest is locally well known.

Controversies and editorial retractions became commonplace as Tobin plunged on with his hard drinking and careless writing. His problems increased in 1969 when he suffered a very serious and nerve-wracking illness. On August 4th 1970 Tobin's career with the Limerick Leader was brought to an ignominious end when he was called before the board of directors of that paper and unceremoniously sacked.

The following year, with four Limerick businessmen, he took over the Leader's rival paper, the Limerick Weekly Echo. For about six months, Tobin edited the paper and tried hard to boost its circulation. But once again his drinking problem caught up with him, and, following a hard drinking binge during an American trip, he was forced out of his editorial job.

On April 15th, 1972, Tobin launched his own weekly paper, "Vigilans". The paper folded after four editions, and Tobin has been unemployed since. Last month, in a four-article series titled, I Could Never Say no in the Evening Press, he broke his year-long silence. The article, which began on July 2nd, were described as "the story of an Anonymous Alcoholic's struggle against his disease", but the fact that Tobin was the author soon became widely known in Limerick.

The period covered in the ex-editor's confessions was his Limerick decade, 1963-1973. But for those people expecting an inside account of the intrigues of Limerick's political, business and newspaper life the articles were non-starters. Tobin's formula of no names, no secrets was a highly selective one and added little to what was already well known.

The second article, however, provided an interesting insight into the small city relationship which exists between journalists and the police. Describing his difficulty in travelling home after a night's boozing, Tobin writes:

Indeed, I was noted for leaving the car and getting a lift home. If none of my friends were around I would get a taxi and there were times when I travelled home in style thanks to the goodness of the gardai who never refused my request for a drive home.

It is difficult to imagine the gardai giving similar consideration to an ordinary worker in the same condition, but without the same influence, as an editor. Tobin goes on to relate further incidents which took place when he was well "tanked up".

There are of course, too many things which I do remember but which I prefer to forget ... like the night I attended an important dinner where many distinguished people were guests. During the course of it, I heckled one of the speakers because I knew

TOM TOBIN TELLS NEARLY ALL

he was telling a downright lie, and then went on to finish the night by conducting the dance band ... It was at this stage too that I began to select the places I would go and the functions I would attend. Unless there was drink readily available at such places, I was not in the least interested.

On top of his drinking problem, Tobin's health also caused him serious worry. He describes his condition:

It was in 1969 that I received the greatest shock of my life. I was told by an eminent surgeon following a series of tests that I had cancer of the rectum which called for a major operation as soon as possible. I was dumbfounded as he told me of the seriousness of the case. I could not help wondering what life was all about and, quite frankly, I could not see a future ahead of me.

Tobin's career with the Limerick Leader and the manner in which it was ended was considered in an article in Hibernia on August 28, 1970 ("The Rise and Fall of Tom Tobin") The article accurately described the quality of his writing at this time as the meanderings of a sick mind". Despite his record, Tobin still maintains an air of shocked bewilderment regarding his sacking as editor of the Leader:

It was the following year ... that I lost my job. There was no warning; no indication that anything was out of place and certainly, as far as I could see, there were no grounds for ending my career with a stroke of a pen and without notice. I had done my job well. There was never a suggestion that drink had been or was at any time interfering with my work.

Tobin's descent into the ranks of the unemployed causes him to reflect on the vulnerability of most workers under capitalism;

There is nobody who can be secure for any period of time in this short life of ours ... and I had plenty of reason to appreciate this fact but I failed to do so.

Certainly Tobin himself failed to appreciate the democratic rights of those he disapproved of during his last years with the Leader. The manner in which he used the columns of his paper in the campaigns against the Maoists and anti-apartheid supporters is widely known and documented. The manner in which he unashamedly promoted Steve Coughlan and Donogh O'Malley most of the time and Ald. P. Kennedy all of the time is also on record. But the manner in which he suppressed letters and statements from the people he disapproved of is not so well known or documented.

Perhaps one of the clearest examples of how Tobin had allowed himself to be corrupted by his political and drinking friends was given in his treatment of the 1969 general election. On Tuesday 17th June, the eve of the election, the Limerick Chronicle (the sister paper of the Leader) carried a front-page letter titled "The New Labour Party".

This letter was signed, "A Labour Veteran", Caherdavin, Limerick, but was written by Tobin himself and typed on his own typewriter. The planted letter came out strongly in favour of Coughlan:

Sir - Here we are on the eve of another General Election ... I am an old Labour supporter and on this occasion, as usual, I will be voting for Steve Coughlan, who has given wonderful service to the people of Limerick, regardless of their political affiliations. Steve Coughlan never failed to do a turn when asked and, apart from that, he has done tremendous good for the people of Limerick, both city and county ... We want men tried and true like Steve Coughlan and it is because of this that I am writing to your newspaper ... I realise Mr. Editor, that I may not be fair to the other Labour candidates in Limerick by seeking support for Steve Coughlan, but I am a staunch believer in getting things done and Coughlan has shown us he can make progress ... There are many of us with some common sense. We hope to return Steve Coughlan to Dail Eireann. He has served us well and can do even better in the years ahead.

Coughlan was duly returned to the Dail but when Tobin was sacked sixteen months later the "tried and true" Steve did not as much as go through the motions of making a squeak in support of his friend. Like so many more before him, Tobin had allowed himself to be used as a tool and now found himself isolated on a scrap heap, while his erstwhile "friends" went merrily about their business. Tobin describes his period with the Limerick Weekly Echo.

I had decided to go on the dry. I knew that by not drinking I could succeed in launching the new company. I did and for some four months things were going well. Then came the difficulties which were due to a shortage of money caused by the delay in collecting outstanding accounts. Pressures began to mount and it was put to me that I would have to invest more money in the company. I did not have the money and I had no hope of getting it - a fact which led to some heated discussions among my fellow board members. The pressure became too much and I drank again in the belief that it would make it easier to bear the burden.

He gives a brief account of how he was forced out of the Echo, and then goes on to record his struggles to regain the £2,000 which he had invested in the venture:

Gradually the business improved but by now my fellow directors had no real faith in me and were, in fact, anxious to get rid of me. I could feel this and in the clouded alcoholic brain, I thought it would be better to resign ... much to the relief of those whom I had encouraged to launch the business. But I did not get back the £2,000 I had invested in the business. In fact, it was many months later when I was paid £1,000. I am still waiting for the balance and despite numerous appeals I have been ignored by the board who took on another man to do my job and made him a director as well.

Tobin continues his story by relating his further effort to get back his money from Messrs. Kennelly, Ryan, O'Donnell and Tuohy the remaining directors. His fight against this group, who are all well known members of religious and charitable associations in Limerick, as well as being wealthy businessmen, shows the contempt with which he has been treated by these classes since his fall from grace:

I was out of employment without a penny to my name and with nowhere to turn. No one seemed to care not even solicitors to whom I had turned for action in getting back the £2,000 that I had invested in the business. I could not fight back any more and within weeks I was taken to hospital ... I could not get satisfaction from the so-called colleagues of mine who had my £2,000 to work away with. I had

continued on facing page

Tom Tobin Tells Nearly All

continued from facing page

been told that my shares in the business would be bought without any trouble and that I would get back my £2,000. But it did not happen that way ... and when I got home I fought for the return of my £2,000 but all I got was £1,000 which was immediately swallowed up by debts.

In articles three and four Tobin describes his acceptance of the fact that he was an alcoholic, his membership of Alcoholics Anonymous and his stay in the hospital where he was trying to "dry out". In his account of his life up to the present time he records his feelings on the abrupt transition from influential, high-earning editor to unemployed worker.

Life was a shocking strain; I had been applying for job after job and time after time my hopes were

raised only to be dashed to pieces when I thought I had succeeded. There was only £8.90 Unemployment Assistance coming into the home and we were really at rock-bottom. I kept on searching for employment but without success. I had reached the valley of bitter tears with only the memories of good times now gone by. I would often ask myself - just what happened that shattered the happy family life that was once mine a short few years previously. I who had seen and lived the good life across many parts of the world was now a lost soul in the community where once my words held strength and power and where my presence was sought as guest of honour every day of the week. Now I was nobody. Out of work; penniless; without hope and a frail alcoholic.

And so Tom Tobin has come full cycle. For the greater part of the past ten years, he gave his time and talents as the leading propagandist for Limerick's capitalists and their political representatives. Now, when he has outlived his usefulness to these interests, he has been discarded like an old boot. And while individual members of Tobin's trade union, the National Union of Journalists, continue to hold down two and even three jobs at the same time, and other members pick

up new work outlets, he is unable to secure a livelihood at the same trade.

The lessons of Tom Tobin's career should not be lost on his fellow journalists and the people of Limerick. The Hollywood maxim; "Be kind to people on your way up; you may need them on your way down" is also relevant in this small city, capitalist situation.

With an unofficial blacklist now operating against Tobin in the Limerick Press, what of his future as a worker? It seems likely that if he wishes to obtain work in the city he will be forced to seek it outside of a newspaper office.

But Tobin could yet perform a useful job as a reporter. He could document in written form the real story of his years as an editor. He could reveal the suppression of names and stories. He could flush into the open the influence of the local advertisers. He could disclose the pressures of politicians and clergy on the provincial press. He could blow open the unique and nepotic relationship between owners managers and their relatives at the Limerick Leader. And he is in a position to release the profits of the Limerick Press and how they are distributed.

The Tom Tobin story has yet to be told. But is Tobin too compromised to tell it?



ANCO FROLICS

climb to railway engine-driver on the kings of steam.

From here on in it was green lights all the way for Lipper as he careered along his road to AnCO. The pace speeded up as the script waxed lyrical on the salad days ahead:

I am honoured as Mayor of Limerick in welcoming all of you here to say that I salute the Industrial Training Authority - AnCO. They are doing a tremendous National service. They have sown seeds across the country which will bloom into precious fruit in the years ahead.

By this stage it had become obvious that neither Lipper nor his script-writer, Tobin, had any real knowledge about AnCO or apprenticeship, and had not even seriously read the discussion document. Unhampered by the fact that AnCO has no function whatever in the wage rates and working conditions of apprentices, Mick pressed on:

AnCO has taken the slavery out of being an apprentice ... and for that alone, I say we should stand by them in every way.

After the confident manner in which he had dispensed all this judgment, Mick shook off a slight invasion of doubt at this point:

The purpose of this gathering here is to discuss proposals which are being put forward by AnCO for the improvement of their training schemes. I have studied these and while I may not be qualified to comment on some of them, I have no hesitation in placing on record my admiration for the general trend of the proposed improvements.

Having reached the home stretch, the Mayor coasted towards the finish on an idyllic note:

It will be a happy day indeed when we find young men and women working side by side at the craft of their choice ... and, let's hope, earning equal pay.

Leaving aside the present unhappy situation when young men and young women work side by side in Limerick factories for unequal and low wages, Lipper, ended his speech. The AnCO boys, highly delighted at the incredible response to their

document, lathered in the soft soap in their words of gratitude to the contented Mayor. After this, the second AnCO man, J.G. Ryan could not hope to outdo Lipper's rapturous response to the new proposals.

But, as the evening wore on, another line of thinking developed on AnCO and its new document. It appeared that some of the local union branches, having been closely involved with the work of AnCO since its establishment in 1967, were not too impressed with the Authority's performance. Further, it was stated that AnCO's record was a poor one and that it had given bad value for public money. Finally it was even asserted that AnCO was seeking complete control over all aspects of apprenticeship and that the Unions might have some separate ideas of their own on the "new deal".

By now, the penny was beginning to drop for the bemused Mayor. Second thoughts began to crowd in; he blanched and appeared to shrink into his chair. Realisation dawned: he had walked into a dangerous minefield; his remarks could lead him into some difficulty and could cost him a few stray votes. Could it even be that the whole thing was a new deal for Irish Capitalists rather than apprentices?

However, working out the answer to that question was another day's work. Meanwhile, the evening was still young. The booze and the hostesses were upstairs beckoning. Soon the scene shifted to the "reception", as most of the "invited guests" began to sample the fare. The singing, drinking and general festivities continued into small hours, and AnCO's proposals faded into the noisy background.

And the fees paid to Tim Dennehy and his publicity and public relations associates ... ? The total cost of the whole jamboree ... ? And the apprentices and all the other young workers who are about to be thrown on the labour market to make more profits for their capitalist bosses and more well-paid jobs for the AnCO boys ... ? Perhaps Lipper and Tobin, the new industrial training champions, might care to hazard some answers.

"The scene had all the signs of a smooth public relations promotion: the special invitation cards, the shapely hostesses from Tim Dennehy and Associated Ltd, the publicity and public relations firm, the visual aids with their inane commentary, the floor girl on hand with the roving microphone, the well polished AnCO boys with their carefully rehearsed drill and, to round off the evening in traditional Irish style, lashings of free booze on tap to send everyone home in good form.

The venue: The Parkway Motel, Limerick. The date: Wednesday 18th July. The purpose: "A New Deal For Apprentices", a discussion on AnCO's proposals for "a new approach" to industrial training. The chairman of the meeting, Jerry O'Connor, manager of AnCO's training and advisory services, made it clear from the outset that the purpose of the meeting was to "promote" the new proposals and not a detailed discussion on the merits of the document.

The first speaker was the Mayor, Ald. Mick Lipper, tightly clutching a hastily-written Tom Tobin script. Mick took the AnCO bull by the horns right from the start.

For me, as newly elected Mayor of Limerick, this is a very important chapter in my story. It might well be the most important when it comes to close my story as Mayor of Limerick.

After this intriguing start, Mick didn't rest on his laurels. Not only did he manage to get in a plus for his own job of train-driver: he tackled AnCO at its own game of fixing designated and undesignated trades, and in the process bestowed his own form of craft status:

In my way, I am a craftsman who had to serve his time the hard way. I saw the beginning of my

In search of . . .

PART FOUR

by Jim Kemmy

John Francis
O'Donnell

*The past is the past, but the future comes on,
A future that's teeming with labour,
When the hypocrite cant of the knaves of to-day
Shall be drowned in the ring of the sabre.*

("IN THE NIGHT TIME; an artisan's garret.. - J.
F. O'DONNELL)

"Up, manhood of Ireland, and silence the slaves
Who work agitation and plunders
Up, brothers of Ireland, retemper your souls
In the red battle's lightning and thunder".

THE POET OF THE FENIAN MOVEMENT

When O'Donnell returned to London in late 1863, he acted as correspondent in the English capital for the *Irishman*, and he subsequently contributed to the *Shamrock*. It was natural that the young poet/journalist should be influenced by the rise of the Fenian movement. The Irish Republican Brotherhood decided to launch a weekly newspaper to act as a mouthpiece and rallying force for its aims. On 28th November, 1863, the first issue of the *Irish People* appeared in Dublin, with John O'Leary as its editor.

O'Donnell was attracted by the new paper and served as one of its London correspondents. Until the paper was prohibited and suppressed by the Dublin Castle police almost two years later, O'Donnell was one of its most prolific contributors. Most of his poetry published in the *Irish People* was militantly nationalist in tone. In the last verse of *The Confession*, which appeared in that paper on 28th January 1865, O'Donnell despairs of the constitutional nationalists and yearns for a race of righting Irishmen:

*I shall die before morning shines on me -
'Tis writ in the Book: we must part.
Unroll, then, the Flag of our Conscience,
Let it rest for a while on my heart.
Ah friends of our dear Mother, Ireland,
We've much to remember and bear;
We lack the high, hopeful endeavour
That wrestles and conquers despair,
For our spirits are vexed by the clamours
Of councils and tribunes and knaves;
In the uproar of battling opinions,
The people forget they are slaves,
Mean words have supplanted the action
That once consecrated the right.
The work of our race is not babble -
The work of our race is to fight
Let them launch their contemptible thunders,
Make famine the work of the Lord,
The harvest that yet shall enrich us
Must be reaped by the sweep of the sword;
And the martyrs who'll smile on this banner
From homes in the region of Light,
Be soldiers whose ashes are scattered
Through long fields of perilous fight.*

When the *Irish People* was suppressed, O'Donnell, found little difficulty in finding other outlets for his nationalist prose and poetry. Describing this period in his *Irish Graves in England*, Michael MacDonagh wrote:

The Fenian movement at that time was exercising men's minds. O'Donnell gave it able assistance with his pen; and the hot, fiery nationalism of the poems of "Caviare", which appeared in the Irish People, the Shamrock, the Irishman and other national journals, made rebels of

many an Irish youth. O'Donnell deserves, I think, the title of "the poet of the Fenian movement". Certainly his poems had in them more of the "divine afflatus" than any others that found inspiration in the spirit of nationality that was then aflame in the land.

In 1864, O'Donnell's first book appeared. The *Emerald Wreath*, a collection of his prose and verse, was published by James Duffy as a Christmas annual. The book is undistinguished and the writing is far from O'Donnell's best work. In the preface he humbly wrote:

Unambitious, unpretending, with all that Art could do to give point and colour to his labours, he cheerfully commits the Emerald Wreath to that unerring crucible of criticism - the judgment and approval of the public.

On March 4, 1865, O'Donnell's book was reviewed in the *Irish People*. The author had the unusual experience of having his Irish nationalism called to task when his "literary lapse" was duly noted by the reviewer:

Of the five stories contained in this handsomely got up little volume, three (on English subjects) have little merit. Indeed, considering the name on the title page, we feel a little surprised that they should ever have been written ... to any one who has read Caviare's poetry, his prose is on the whole disappointing. 'Tis only in the former he puts forth his full strength. There are several poetical pieces in the volume under notice which, though not amongst Caviare's best, are, like all that he writes in verse, good. And talking of poetry, which is now very much the fashion to reprint, why should not Caviare give us his poetry in a collected or selected form. We should be happy to subscribe to such a volume, and if it didn't find readers we feel confident it would not be Caviare's fault.

The question of publishing a volume of O'Donnell's poetry was raised on a number of occasions during the poet's lifetime but without success. In a letter from London, dated "Sunday night, December 1872", O'Donnell wrote to his friend in Dublin, Richard Dowling:

What you say about my 'book' is cheering but I don't like you to live for a moment under a wrong impression towards the production of the volume I would not be able to contribute a stiver, and that is why I begged you to tender it to X. as a speculation. Of course, if ever the books get into type, I would exclude all polemical and political matter. And I would be miserable if anyone else, out of good nature, or from a fervid faith in my bit of popularity, risked a farthing on my account. If it be not taken up as a venture, let us say no more about it. X. suggested some time ago that I should publish a volume by subscription. And St. Mary's Workhouse within half-a-mile of me!

The offer to "exclude all polemical and political matter" was unnecessary. In February 1873, O'Donnell again wrote to Dowling: "About my 'poems', put the thing out of your head until the

proverbial 'time' of the dramatist shall come". The 'time' of the dramatist did not come for O'Donnell until seventeen years after his death, when, appropriately enough, his friend Richard Dowling not only helped with the venture but also wrote a sympathetic Introduction to the collected poems. *Poems*, published in 1891, contains 77 of O'Donnell's poems, and is a small but fairly representative selection of the poet's total work.

In 1864, O'Donnell resumed editorship of the London paper, *Universal News*. Richard Dowling has written:

This he kept for about a year, when he accepted the sub-editorship of the Tablet, retaining it for three years, until 1868, a prodigiously long time for O'Donnell to care about any routine employment, for he was as fond of change as schoolboy. He took life gaily, and was absolutely incapable of fretting. When, less than a year before his death, he suffered from a fit of epilepsy, he wrote me in the most cheerful way, and declared that nothing could ever long depress him.

But O'Donnell could also create other moods. His long stay in London in the late eighteen-sixties stirred him to write many poems on the theme of emigration. In *Exiles*, he reflects on the rooted and obsolete attitudes of some emigrants. O'Donnell's words are still relevant to-day in their description of the relationship between many Irish emigrants and the mythical country of their dreams:

*For unto you and me belong no more,
The swords and cymbals of a victor race;
The seething craftsmen on the humming shore,
The powers that terrify, the arts that grace.*

*We live on bleared traditions of old days -
Vast fables builded on the sands of truth,
From which shine out, through immemorial haze,
Gleams of our broken strength and faded youth.*

*We couch at sunset around burial mounds
Girt with the solemn presences of death,
In the holy kirks and consecrated grounds,
Whose stones are testimonies to our faith.*

*Still rolls the world; but unto us no change
Comes with the busy action of the years;
Suns rise and set; the golden seasons range
Through the frost-pierced or purple atmosphere.*

Apart from his contributions to the *Irishman* and the *Shamrock*, O'Donnell began to renew his relationship with the *Nation*. Under his most frequently used nom-de-plume, at this time, of *Monckton West*, a large number of his major poems appeared from week to week in the *Nation*. He continued to write for that periodical up to a short time before his death.

(to be continued)

At a meeting of the Limerick City Council, on July 2nd, Alderman Michael Lipper of the Labour Party was unanimously elected Mayor of Limerick. The new Mayor, who works as a train-driver with C.I.E., was first elected to the Council on a Clann na Poblachta ticket in 1960.

Lipper was proposed by Ald. S. Coughlan, T.D., who in the course of his speech, listed Lipper's qualifications for the post:

I rise ... to propose a colleague of mine who has been on this Council for some 14 years. I propose him, knowing him as I do that he will be a worthy representative of the citizens of Limerick, a man who has served 14 years; who has been a loyal colleague of mine and who has in the adolescence of Local Government come a long, long way. I believe in the proposal of Alderman Michael Lipper that we have a man who will represent Limerick at all times and who will be all things to all people ... He will bring dignity and honour to this city.

(Our emphasis)

The Labour Councillor, Frank Leddin, seconded this proposal and stated:

In seconding the mayoralty of Michael Lipper, I would like to say that he comes from a very old family in Limerick and he will be a credit to the company - that is, C.I.E. - with which he is now working ... I believe that Michael Lipper will add lustre to the office as Mayor of Limerick. Having served with Michael Lipper with other movements, political and otherwise, and having sought his counsel, he always gave it to me with the commonsense and clarity which he possesses. And when he is elected later this evening, he will carry out the duties of his office in a responsible manner and in a way benefiting us all. (Our emphasis).

Supporting Lipper's nomination, Ald. Ted Russell, one of the wealthiest and ablest of Limerick's capitalists, stated:

Michael Lipper has been a fearless champion of the underdog ... The citizens are glad generally that Michael Lipper will represent them in the years to come. (Our emphasis)

In an address, written by Tom Tobin, former editor of the Limerick Leader and the Limerick Weekly Echo, the new Mayor declared his intention of trying to live up to Coughlan's belief that he (Lipper) would be "all things to all people":

In discharging this year of office, it is my intention to carry it out as Mayor of All, without regard to class, creed or politics ... As far as I am concerned, housing industry and employment are the priorities. But I hope I do not disappoint. I have no carbon copy to put forward for those solutions. We have, of course, the Government target in housing of 25,000 to be built in the coming year and we must give private industry every assistance to meet those targets. (Our emphasis)

Lipper has never claimed to be a socialist. In his 13 years in politics, his contributions to City Council discussions have not been numerous or impressive. He has, however, earned for himself the reputation of being "a good man to do a turn", and his political power-base has been built up through his plaintive intercessions for medical cards (blue-books) and new houses for his constituents. Lipper is regarded as a "popular" figure in working class Garryowen where he resides and on the City Council, and the unanimous support given to his election as Mayor by all the capitalist councillors caused no surprise in Limerick.

But the class interests of workers demand something more than "popular", unthinking support, for a new Mayor who happens to be a worker. A working class political movement has a duty to analyse and explain all economic and political developments and to attack any illusions and deceptions surrounding these developments. All policies and statements put forward by capitalist politicians are designed to cover up the real nature of the present system and to convince people that

THE NEW MAYOR

they are "responsible", fair-minded "leaders". The election of Mick Lipper as Mayor of Limerick is part of the same hypocritical charade.

An examination of Lipper's politics shows that, far from being "a fearless champion of the underdog", he has never at any stage of his career challenged the capitalist system. Capitalists like Russell can, therefore, cheerfully lavish praise on workers such as Lipper and even promote their political interests, secure in the knowledge that these workers represent no threat to their profits and wealth. Lipper's pledge to carry out his office "without regard to class, creed or politics" and to "give private industry every assistance" effectively means that he is committed to preserving the capitalist system and all its built-in injustices and inequalities.

A close look at Lipper's record during the two most important controversies of his political career will quickly demolish his "fearless champion of the underdog" image. Following a court case which established that for a considerable time all the best parts of the meat carcasses were being stolen from the meat intended for the patients of St. Joseph's Mental Hospital, a meeting of the Limerick Health Authority was held on July 31st 1969. During the course of the meeting, Lipper with the help of Ald. S. Coughlan used every type of obstructionist tactic to prevent a discussion on allegations that diseased and inferior meat had been served to patients at the hospital.

At special editorial, written by Lipper's present script-writer Tom Tobin, appeared in the Limerick Leader of August 9th, 1969:

It is with some regret that we publish our report of what happened at last week's meeting of the Limerick Health Authority. It is an appalling chronicle of man's inhumanity to man ... We had hoped our public representatives would have upheld their responsibility to the people of Limerick ... The people of Limerick are no fools regardless of what Alderman Lipper and his followers may think ... The Minister must step in before it is too late ... We will not rest until justice is done to the patients of our mental hospital. They cannot fight for themselves. The members of Limerick Health Authority should think again. Lipper and the other members should resign. They failed the people who elected them. They turned their backs on a campaign to bring about badly needed improvements in the administration of our hospitals and used smear tactics that were disgraceful ...

Describing part of Lipper's performance at the meeting, Leader reporter, Cormac Liddy wrote:

... the Chairman rang the bell repeatedly while several members pounded the table and it was impossible to hear what was being said above the din. Ald. Lipper rushed in front of Ald. Kennedy at one stage and threw open his coat to proclaim: "Have a look at honesty and decency".

Even the cautious Spartacus in his Leader weekly column (August 9, 1969) wrote:

"It will be very interesting to discover if the meals served to patients in our Health Authority Hospitals



will improve as a result of the recent discussions ... I do not know how many of the members who discussed the matter have ever had to eat some of the dollop that sick and infirm people are expected to exist on."

With the Limerick Leader having to fight for mental patients against the two Labour representatives, so much for Lipper's "champion of the underdog" label. The other highlight of his career took place after last year's Mayoral election. Again, the scene is set by a local reporter, (Limerick Chronicle, July 11th, 1972):

If the Limerick public had the privilege of seeing last night's most explosive City Council meeting in over 20 years, they would surely blush with shame at the "carry on" of some of our public representatives ... Because of the bitter exchanges, the Mayor, Clr. Paddy Kiely, was forced to adjourn the meeting for a ten-minute "cooling-off" period ... and at one stage the exchanges were so bitter that one was expecting blows to be cast. There was so much ranting and shouting that the great Cassius Clay, "Mohammed Ali", would have looked a poor second!

The setting for the angry scenes were put in motion when Ald. Michael Lipper got up on his feet to congratulate Clr. Kiely on his deserving election to the high office, and said he felt he would maintain the high standards set by his predecessors. Ald. Lipper then went on, to say: "Because of the skullduggery, conspiracy, bribery and corruption which has taken place in the elections of Mayors in the past, I was the first person to moot that our election of Mayor should be carried in a proper and dignified manner. That was 1969. I know Mayors who were elected by paying the price for the high office and some of them are still members of this council".

Lipper could have made a useful contribution towards the exposure of the hypocrisy and corruption of capitalist politics had he disclosed the names and the sums of money involved in the Mayor-making deals. Unfortunately, when subsequently challenged by the leader of the Fianna Fail Council group, Clr. Rory Liddy, to reveal this information, he refused to do so and has since maintained a complete silence on his allegations.

But the performance and speeches of Lipper over the next twelve months should be interesting and revealing enough. The main job of the new Mayor is to serve the interests of the local capitalists and the petty business interests. In this way workers like Lipper are essential for the operation of modern capitalism. They give the system a "human", "democratic" face and help to gull the rest of the workers into the illusion that "their" representatives have some control in the decision-making process. This, as Coughlan openly put it, is the "all things to all people" hoax. Mick Lipper is playing one of the leading roles of his career, far beyond even his best soccer performance. His display as Mayor of Limerick and apologist for local capitalism should be well worth watching.

"No Pockets in a Shroud"

The Baron Bows Out

On Tuesday 3rd July, Sean "The Baron" Hanley, the well-known Limerick building contractor died. His death caused a good deal of surprise and discussion in his native city. In an article on Hanley's death, the 'Limerick Weekly Echo,' in its edition of 7th July stated:

"A Limerickman who began his career as a temporary assistant engineer with the Corporation at £10 a week and who years later brought the first Rolls Royce to the city, has died . . . He was Sean Hanley, an Engineer Builder who became a self-made millionaire before his sudden death . . . In all he built over 1,200 houses around an expanding city and was about to embark on one of his most ambitious projects— the erection of another 950 homes . . . In recent months . . . he had spent a total of £320,000 buying up farms and a city centre site."

During the last twenty years Hanley's business activities had been a part of Limerick folklore. Stories about his exploits were retailed by building workers, professional people and businessmen. And the stories were far from being exaggerated.

Since his death, Hanley has been compared with Donogh O'Malley and has been described as a second "O'Malley". Both men came from local well-known and well-off middle-class families. Engineers by profession, though not by inclination, both men soon turned their attention to private house-building and land speculation.

And the similarity does not end there, Hanley, through personal expediency, changed over, like the O'Malley family, from Fine Gael to Fianna Fail in the last decade of his life. Both men died around the same age (47). But the overriding characteristic linking the two men was a burning desire for money, power and publicity.

After college, Hanley spent about nine years with the Limerick Corporation where his uncle-in-law, Charlie Stenson was city engineer, Though his interests lay in other directions, he put his time with the Corporation to his own good account. In 1956, helped largely by "voluntary" Corporation labour, he built his own house. His outside interests began to conflict with his work as an engineer, and in 1958 he had come to the end of his Corporation road.

Hanley started as a house-builder at a time when the demand for new houses began to develop in the Limerick area. After the stagnation of the fifties, the industrialisation of Shannon and, later on, Limerick itself brought an influx of young people seeking homes into the city. Unlike other longer established building contractors, Hanley saw the opportunity and seized it. Soon he was building houses and buying land all over Limerick.

But he was not merely content to rake in the money and sit back. Driven on by his insatiable hunger for status and recognition he displayed his new-found wealth in an extravagant and flamboyant manner. He commenced a series of costly building additions and

alterations to his own house. At the time of his death, yet another building project was under way at his home: the provision of a second swimming pool costing £30,000.

His twice yearly Continental holidays became a feature of his life. His car, complete with telephone, also had a special social significance. It was no surprise therefore, when "The Baron" bought Limerick's first Rolls Royce for £13,000 when Con Smith was killed in a plane crash. As he travelled around in his chauffeur-driven Rolls, Hanley, now at the zenith of his career, really looked the part of a modern building baron. He had waited a long time to be local top-dog and now he had achieved his life's ambition.

But some people were not too pleased with his flaunting of wealth gained through house building. Jim Molloy, one of Limerick's longest established builders, complained to Hanley that his exhibitionism was going too far with the Rolls and that it was giving a very bad example to building workers, many of whom were earning about £23 a week at this time. But the Baron was not bothered, and continued to live the part of a millionaire up to his death.

After Hanley's death, his close business colleague, Pat McGuigan, wrote "an appreciation" in the Limerick Leader on the 14th July. McGuigan, who has his own fingers in most of the money making pies in

Limerick, kept his tongue firmly in his cheek as he predictably wrote:

"While very much part of the business life of the city, Sean, to those who really knew him, was a man of great simplicity and charm. He was a devout Catholic and his charitable contributions are only known to the recipients. From my experience no request of financial or other assistance was refused".

Notwithstanding the claim about Hanley being "a devout Catholic" and his "charitable contributions", the morality of building a £30,000 swimming pool (a sum which would build 8 or 9 working class houses in Southill or Ballynanty) did not, of course, arise in McGuigan's "appreciation". Even cutting the Echo's figure of a "self-made" million pounds in half, the fact that one man could amass this fortune from the provision of the basic human need for a shelter to inhabit earth did not trouble McGuigan. And the fact that this sum was earned by the sweat and effort of building workers, who daily work in dirty, primitive conditions.

One of Hanley's workers, discussing his employer's wealth, broke off with the unpolitical but philosophical comment: "No pocket in a shroud". Hanley's lonely death at St. Patrick's Hospital, Belmont Pk, Waterford, brought his affluent life to an abrupt end. But the system that created "The Baron" continues.

THE MONTH'S MIND

Playing To The Paper Gallery

The Mayor of Limerick, Ald. Michael Lipper, was in hiding last night following his dramatic threat to resign from his office following his participation in the tenants' rent strike.

A Court Order requesting that he attend a special investigation at the City Hall was ignored and Gardai began an intensive search of the Pike but failed to locate the missing Mayor.

The Special Branch was called in after the Mayor's secretary, Miss Babs Shanahan revealed that the Mayor's office had been bugged for the past month.

Tapes of all conversations are known to be in existence and there was panic in local political circles when the news was made public.

Ald. Pat Kennedy fainted when he heard of the secret tapes, saying that if it got out that he frequently used some four-letter words, his image as an honest, holy Catholic boy would take a battering.

Cllr. Mickey Earls denied that he had ever uttered a word while in the Mayor's Office and refused a suggestion that he had been blackmailed. "I'm very good at facial expressions", was his comment to reporters as he nodded his head in the direction of Dinny O'Malley's pub.

Ald. Steve Coughlan, T.D. denied that there was any cover-up. "Mick and myself have been personal friends through the hard times ... and I am to raise this disgusting matter in the Dail and will press Jimmy Tully to investigate the affair ... but I want to assure you that I had no hand, act or part in the matter".

Officials at C.I.E. were puzzled by the Mayor's mysterious disappearance. He should know very well that the going is great ... but the coming back is even better", said an annoyed official.

The reason for the secret tapes is still unknown but it has been suggested that they were to be used for historical purposes only, and the City Manager has declined to comment on the matter. To-day three reporters from the News for the World,

looking for a two-way mirror in the office, were attacked by a group of women leaving the City Dispensary.

"Leave Mick alone", they roared", and don't be picking on him just because he lives in a Corporation house".

Late Flash. It has now been disclosed that the attack on Lipper by the Sunday Independent columnist, "Wigmore" and the subsequent barrage of press and radio publicity was all part of a carefully arranged plot by Wigmore, Noel Smith, Tom Tobin and Lipper to help fill in the spaces between the advertisements during the "silly season" and at the same time to win public sympathy for the new Mayor.

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